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(Howard)

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JOHN HOWARD, ESQ. LLD.

*"With love unbounded, love that knows not fear,
"Wherever Pain or Sorrow dwells he goes."*

By March 20, 1790 by T. Hookham Bond Street.

A N E C D O T E S

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN,

WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE WITH THAT CELEBRATED PHILANTHROPIST GAVE HIM THE MOST FAVOURABLE OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING PARTICULARS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

His heavenly mind did grant the poor relief;
 And dash'd from tottering age the tear of grief:
 His gentle arm did lead the old and blind,
 Nor left disease, or penury behind;
 Sustained by him, the wretch forgot his woe;
 While he was near, his sorrows ceas'd to flow.

L O N D O N:

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ANNEXED

OF THE

LIBRARY

OF

JOHN HOWARD

WRITTEN BY A. G. T. S. S.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Frontispiece prefixed to these Anecdotes, was sketched with a pencil from life, by a Lady who resided some months under the same roof with Mr. Howard previous to his last expedition.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The author's long acquaintance with the lamented deceased, will, he flatters himself, sufficiently apologize for his present attempt. In writing but the name of a work which have induced an opportunity to reveal to himself to come forward from private life, to expose his unskilful pen to the eye of unfeeling criticism.

This design is not, by laboured pages, to insult the ashes of the departed; or by well turned

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE author's long acquaintance with the lamented deceased, will, he flatters himself, sufficiently apologize for his present attempt. Nothing but the name of Howard could have induced so obscure an individual as himself to come forward from private life, to expose his unskilful pen to the eye of unfeeling criticism.

His design is not, by laboured *panegyric*, to insult the ashes of the departed; or by well turned
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ed periods divert the readers' attention from Mr. Howard's transcendent philanthropy. His *name*, as long as memory lasts, or letters exist, will hold a distinguished rank among the worthies of England : and the *virtues* of his *heart* counterbalance the *small* failings that marked his character.

The writer's intention is simply to give to the world a few *facts*, relative to the life of this "Patriot of the World!" not generally known. And which he thinks will prove not unentertaining.

To

To the candour of a generous public he therefore trusts the following sheets, hoping that the offering, though *unadorned* by *fiction* or studied graces, will yet meet an *indulgent* reception. At all events he flatters himself that the *subject* will preserve this weak effort of his pen from being thrown by with disdain. And with the most perfect submission

He remains

Their devoted humble servant.

ANECDOTES, &c.

FEW men have more deservedly or universally attracted the observation and esteem of mankind than that great philanthropist, Mr. Howard; whose life has at length fallen a sacrifice to his unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity.

It would be impertinent to tire my readers by entering into a tedious detail of his genealogy; for which reason I shall briefly say, he was born in the county of Bedford, and was descended from a distant branch of the

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Norfolk

Norfolk family. This extraordinary character spent his earliest years abroad. On coming of age, he returned to England, and took possession of an ample fortune. To an event which occurred at that period the world, according to his own avowal, owe those emanations of *universal* benevolence which have marked his progress through life.

Mr. Howard had taken a lodging at the house of a maiden lady, turned of forty.—She was of a noble descent, but depended for her support entirely on the profits arising from her lodgings. It was during his abode at this good lady's house that Mr. Howard was seized with a fever, which for some weeks resisted the art of medicine. The maternal care with which this worthy woman watched
over

over her young lodger, awakened in his breast the warmest gratitude ; and he resolved, should he recover, to repay in the most unbounded manner the kindness he had experienced. Accordingly, the first moment he was able to quit his chamber, he requested an interview ; when having expressed the high sense he entertained of her humane attentions, he assured her that he had formed a determination to which, if she made any exception, his resolution was fixed to bid an eternal adieu to his native country.—He gave her four and twenty hours to consider whether she would consent to become his wife ; or, by a rejection, drive him an exile from his family and friends. The lady judiciously painted the great disparity of their

years and circumstances ; but finding all her powers of eloquence unavailing, she at length agreed to the grateful wishes of her lover.

This (as the world would imagine) ill-matched pair enjoyed for many years the height of human felicity ; nor did regret ever once visit the bosom of Mr. Howard. But this sweet sunshine of happiness was too soon overclouded by the death of his worthy partner ; in gratitude to whose memory he erected a monument in Whitechapel church ; and as a remembrancer of whom, he ever after carried about with him, and when alone always used, a desert spoon that had belonged to her.

Mr. Howard has been frequently heard to declare, that to the amiable
example

example of that lady, and an evil which befel him in the earlier part of his life, he owed his eager desire of benefitting the distressed.

Wishing to make the tour of Portugal, he embarked for that end in a Lisbon packet, in the year 1756. In this expedition it was his fortune to be taken by a French privateer. Before he reached Brest, he had suffered the extremity of thirst, not having for forty hours one drop of water, nor scarcely a morsel of bread. When he arrived at Brest (as there was then a war between France and England,) he was confined in the castle, and lay several nights upon straw. Here he had an opportunity of observing how cruelly his countrymen were treated. From thence he was carried to Morlaix; and during
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the two months he was upon his parole at Carhaix, he corresponded with several of the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinnan. He had sufficient proof of the barbarity exercised against the unhappy captives, among whom were his own servants.—Many hundred perished, and thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinnan, in one day.

On his return to England, he immediately made known to the commissioners of sick and wounded seamen the fundry particulars he had learned ; for which he received their attention and acknowledgments. The sailors, from the remonstrances that were made to the French court, obtained redress, and were sent home in the first cartel ships. “ And perhaps,” said Mr. Howard, “ what I suffered

suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy for the unhappy sufferers whose case I had pleaded."

This gentleman's second wife was the accomplished and only daughter of one of the masters in chancery, with whom he received a very handsome fortune. This lady died in child-bed, of her first child, a son, who is at present a melancholy inhabitant of a private mad-house at Hackney.

Here I am sorry to observe, that though Mr. Howard undoubtedly merited the admiration of the world, yet his conduct to this unhappy maniac was not altogether free from censure. Many indeed have been so *cruel* as to impute this misfortune of the young man's to the too rigid exercise of parental authority. But far
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is it from my intention to impress this idea on the mind of my reader. The duty I owe the public obliges me to present the dark and light shades of the character impartially. Mr. Howard's virtues must ever rise superior to fulsome panegyric. As a *mortal*, he was liable to error: and if in this instance he deviated from right, mankind may reasonably believe his judgment, and not his heart, erred. This domestic calamity, as may be supposed from the sensibility of his nature, proved a continual canker to his feelings, and served to embitter those hours given to mental reflection.

It was not till long after the birth of this son that Mr. Howard set out on his benevolent researches. The success that has attended his humane
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endeavours to relieve the miseries of the suffering prisoners, is too well known to render an elaborate recital of them necessary. The tears of thousands speak his praise, and gratefully embalm the memory of their benefactor—the benefactor of mankind in general ! Each nation felt and owned the blest effects of his universal philanthropy ! and each nation pays the tributary tear to the loss of such unequalled worth.

In 1773, having been nominated high sheriff of Bedfordshire, he had frequent opportunities of witnessing the miseries to which prisoners were subject. The circumstances, however, that particularly excited him to activity, was seeing many an unfortunate prisoner dragged back to jail, after several months horrible confinement.

confinement, because unable to pay the fundry fees due to the jailor, the clerk of the assizes, &c. when liberated by their prosecutors not appearing against them.

With a view of removing this grievance, he made application to the justices of the county for a salary to be given to the jailor in lieu of fees : but unable to obtain this, for want of a precedent, he journeyed to neighbouring counties in search of one.—There he beheld new scenes of calamity, which redoubled his anxiety to alleviate the evil. In order to acquire a more perfect knowledge, he visited most of the county jails in England, as also houses of correction ; and melancholy were the abuses exhibited to his view.

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In March, 1774, he received a summons to attend the house of commons ; before which he was examined, and had the honour of their thanks for the pains he had taken.

Not long afterwards two acts of parliament passed—one for preserving the health of prisoners, and preventing the jail distemper ; the other for the relief of prisoners who should be acquitted, respecting their fees.

Thus successful in his laudable endeavours, he in 1775 made a tour through Ireland and Scotland. His first intention was, immediately on his return, to publish the result of his enquiries : but, upon more mature reflection, he thought that by extending his tour abroad, he might acquire some useful information. Accordingly he travelled into France,

Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland.

In 1777 he published “ The State of the Prisons in England and Wales ; with Preliminary Observations on the Account of some Foreign Prisons : ” — 4to. He undertook, in 1778, a third journey, through the Prussian and Austrian dominions, and even extended his tours through Italy, and several of the free cities of Germany. The remarks he had there made he published in a second edition, in 1780. In 1781 he visited the capitals of Denmark, Russia, Sweden, and Poland. In 1783 he proceeded into some cities in Portugal and Spain, and returned by the way of Holland, France, and Flanders. In 1784 he published all these travels, thrown
into

into one narrative. In that same year he also gave the public a curious account of the Bastile, in octavo.

During this absence, a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting in honour of him, a statue in St. George's Fields, as also towards the formation of a fund, to be called the Howardian Fund, and to be applied for the relief of prisoners.---But which he with a modesty not usually met with, on his return to England in 1787, declined in the following letter addressed to the subscribers.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

You are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approbation you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honour done me ; but at the same time you
must

must permit me to inform you, that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it; and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me. It is therefore my earnest request, that those friends who wish my happiness, and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside for ever.

“ I shall always think the reforms now going on in several of the gaols of this kingdom, and which I hope will become general, the greatest honour, and the most ample reward I can possibly receive.

“ I must further inform you, that I cannot permit the fund which, in my absence and without my consent, hath been called the Howardian Fund,

Fund, to go in future by that name ; and that I will have no concern in the disposal of the money subscribed ; my situation and various pursuits rendering it impossible for me to pay any attention to such a general plan, which can only be carried into due effect in particular districts, by a constant attention, and a constant residence.

I am,
my lords and gentlemen,
your obliged
and faithful humble servant;

JOHN HOWARD.

London, Feb. 16.

Various were the scenes Mr. Howard witnessed during his residence abroad, and many a miserable wretch did his charity release from “ black despair.”—At Constantinople he by his interest procured the enlargement
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of an unhappy lady whom he accidentally met in one of the hospitals in that country. She was of English birth, and had with a romantic affection followed the fortunes of a beloved husband to that inhospitable clime. On her arrival she learned that the object of her fondness was no more.— To complete the horrors of her situation she was pregnant, and destitute of either money or friends. Overcome by these accumulated griefs, reason tottered, and madness eased her mind of the torments of reflection.

In this melancholy state she was delivered of an infant, who happily lived not to learn the sorrows of its parent. Some time after the birth of her child, this unfortunate lady recovered the powers of recollection, only to feel with added poignancy the
 misery

misery of her fate.—A perpetual confinement was now her only prospect; and such undoubtedly would have been her fate but for the benevolent exertions of Mr. Howard. He gained her freedom, supplied her with money, and had her safely conveyed back to England, where he promised she should receive from him a small annuity during her life.

When the danger as well as difficulty is considered that attended the unparalleled undertakings of Mr. Howard, when we view him at an age which demanded ease and retirement, entering without dread the receptacles for disease, vice, and penury, we feel our esteem amount to adoration.

Mr. Burke, that celebrated orator, in one of his eloquent addresses, speak-

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ing, of this wonderful man, says, “ I cannot forbear, when mentioning this gentleman, remarking, that his labours and writings have done much towards opening the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe---not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or manuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge in the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men, under all climes.

“ There is in his plan originality;

and it is as full of genius as humanity. It is a voyage of discovery ; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labours are felt more or less in every country. And I fervently wish he may anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive in gross, not by retail, the reward of those who visit the prisoners ; and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I may venture to assert, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter!"

It has been a matter of astonishment that Mr. Howard should have so long escaped the infection of those dungeons and hospitals he so frequently visited, and he has often been asked what precautions he used ; to which he has answered,

“ To preserve myself from infection, in the hospitals and prisons I visit, next to the goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives.—Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, *I fear no evil*. I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room I seldom draw my breath deeply.”

In his person Mr. Howard was of a low stature, with a speaking benevolence of countenance; and when young had been esteemed handsome. His education had been liberal; in his manners he was modest and unassuming, and in his pursuits steady, diligent, and active. He possessed a constitution unimpaired by either the debaucheries of youth, or the luxuries
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of the table. He had many particularities of temper very unpleasing, and was singularly refined in his ideas of female delicacy. And notwithstanding it may seem a contradiction to his general character, he was not naturally of a generous disposition. To the necessities of private sorrow he seldom bestowed relief, nor did he expend much on either himself or friends. About sixteen years ago he was attacked with a most violent fit of the gout, which he imputed to too high living. In consequence of this idea, he declared "that should it please his God to grant him relief from the tortures he then endured, never more to subject himself to the like infirmity, by indulging in the excess of the table."---To which determination he adhered most religiously, as he never
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from that hour, to the hour of his dissolution, tasted any kind of animal food, wines, or spirits. He had no regular dinners, but lived in winter on tea, bread, butter, and honey; and in summer on vegetables and fruits. Nor could any temptation prevail on him to swerve from this mode of living. While he was at Vienna, he was introduced to the late emperor, Joseph the Second. That monarch was so greatly pleased with the unaffected simplicity of the man, and his glorious endeavours to promote the comfort of those unfortunate beings so commonly regarded as the outcasts of society, that he not only ordered him free admission into all prisons, houses of correction, and hospitals, but invited him to dinner. This honour Mr. Howard could not with propriety

propriety reject, and was therefore constrained to make his appearance at the table ; at which he sat an unengaged spectator until the desert was brought on.

Another trait not unworthy observation in the character of this extraordinary traveller, was the little value he placed on the favours of crowned heads. The forms necessary to be observed in their presence was exquisitely irksome to his free mind ; nor could any persuasion urge him to conform to the bending of the knee. He deemed such a mode of reverence due only to the Supreme, and therefore improper to be used to a mortal.--- And he assured me when he was introduced at the courts abroad, he ever contrived to avoid that ridiculous ceremony ; and so sincerely was he
honoured

honoured from the prince down to the meanest individual, that this peculiarity escaped censure.

It was his custom to rise between five and six in the morning, and to be in bed by nine in the evening. In the course of the day he walked many miles; and no weather, however intemperate, confined him to the house, or tempted him to enter a coach.

When he travelled, it was usually in the stage or diligence, and on the road constantly changed both name and character with his servant; a man whom he had brought up from a boy, and in whom he placed the most implicit confidence.---This servant served him in their voyages in the different capacities of house-maid, cook, steward, and companion; and
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a more faithful intelligent creature than he is, I believe never existed.

On Mr. Howard's arrival at his place of destination, it was his practice to pass as a physician, and under that character he visited the Greek hospitals at Zante, Smyrna, &c. to investigate more deeply their method of treating the plague. He held frequent consultations with the physicians of the different places, to whom he was obliged to give consulting fees. Thus did he spare neither fatigue, expence, or hazard. In one of his letters to a friend in England he says, " I arrived at Salonica on Saturday, in a Greek boat full of passengers, one of whom being taken ill, he was brought to me, as I always pass for a physician. I felt his pulse, looked at the swelling, and ordered

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him to be kept warm in a little cabin, as he had caught cold. In two hours after I sent for a French captain, desiring him to give no alarm, but said that I was persuaded that man had the plague; and on the Tuesday after I saw his grave.”

The first year in which Mr. Howard embarked on his divine and unprecedented researches, he met with a singular opportunity of exerting his humanity and medical knowledge.

A lady, far advanced in her pregnancy, had imprudently ventured to accompany her husband in a voyage to Lisbon. Contrary winds detained them some days beyond the usual period allotted for making that voyage. The lady now too late repented her indiscretion, as she found some symptoms of her labour approaching.—

Every hour her situation became more alarming, for to complete her distress, there was, excepting herself and maid, no female passenger on board, and both were equally inexperienced. Mr. Howard happened to make one among the passengers, and seeing the distraction of the husband, addressed himself to that gentleman, saying “ that although no professional man, yet, as physic had engrossed much of his study, and he was sensible that the lady must perhaps perish for want of assistance, he would, if agreeable, visit her, and give her what help his little knowledge of midwifery permitted.”

This humane offer, as may be supposed, was thankfully embraced ; and Mr. Howard had the ineffable satisfaction of presenting to the husband a son, who but for the timely exertion

of his skill, must have been consigned to the tomb with its suffering parent.

It would be impossible to express the gratitude of the so late miserable pair, or the tender and watchful attention with which this excellent man continued to attend his patient, whose happy recovery proved the most pleasing reward to his feelings.

Thus in the perpetual exercise of *benevolence*, this consummate philanthropist hurried from one scene of misery to another, never weary of *doing good*. Nor could any persuasion prevail upon him to loiter in a place where he could not by his stay benefit affliction.

Mr. B. Pryce, of Wilton, says, " that a few years ago, when examining the prisons in Wiltshire, that ' God-like man' made some enquiries
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of him respecting an annual donation to the ordinary and prisoners of the county jails ; and that after giving him the best information in his power, he was eager to pay a small tribute of respect and gratitude to such transcendent worth, by applauding the meritorious work he was engaged in, and requesting the honour of his company at Wilton, from which he was but three miles distant.—As an inducement, the painting and sculpture at Wilton-house were mentioned, as not unworthy the attention of a traveller. But this (continued Mr. Pryce) he modestly declined to admit of any merit in his benevolent undertaking ; saying, “ It is nothing more, Sir, than a particular turn ;” and politely assured him, that he never stopped to see any *famous houses,*

houses, or the curiosities they contained. And indeed such was the unexampled assiduity of this *great philanthropist*, that every moment seemed lost which did not tend to alleviate the sorrows of the unfortunate, and remove the thorn from the pillow of calamity !

Mr. Howard, in his political sentiments, united with ministry, and was on the most intimate terms with the present Chancellor, Mr. Pitt, and the Duke of Richmond.

To this intimacy the wretched inhabitants of St. George's Fields impute, in a great measure, the ill success of the insolvent bill.—One particular plea urged by its opposers, was a history related by Mr. Howard.—The truth of this story was simply this :

A Quaker had been thrown into
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the King's Bench by a creditor.—Mr. Howard having some acquaintance with him, on learning his embarrassed situation, visited him with the benevolent design of relieving his necessities. But, unfortunately for the Quaker and the other inhabitants of that dreary abode, painful reflection had urged him to swerve from the rigid doctrine held out by his brethren, and to endeavour, by a social glass, to obliterate for the moment the miseries of a *jail*. On Mr. Howard's entrance within those dismal walls, the first object that attracted his eyes was the unfortunate debtor playing at skittles, and in a state of intoxication.—I have already observed, that this great philanthropist was most singularly abstemious; and I must further add, that in
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his religious principles he was of that sect called Dissenters ; consequently so palpable a deviation from decency in a man professing the Quakers' religion, seemed to him to call for the severest chastisement.—To complete the apostate's error, he warmly invited Mr. Howard to partake of a cheerful glass. Thus doubly disgusted, and turned from his first charitable purpose, he quitted the gloomy habitation, and returned home more fully persuaded of the necessity of regulating anew the indulgences allowed to prisoners.

I need not, I conceive, mention the ungenerous use made of this trifling anecdote, nor the exaggerated stile in which it was repeated in the House of Lords, or the impression it made on the hearers, when told with all
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the flowers of rhetoric, as an observation that had lately been made by the truly excellent and christian Mr. Howard, whose exertions to soften the woes of his fellow-creatures had so justly immortalized his name.

Many persons have maliciously endeavoured to cast a shade over the brightness of this extraordinary character, by ascribing his public acts of munificence to ostentatious motives. But from the knowledge I had of his humility, and the little attention he always paid to the flattering incense daily offered to him, I am convinced his sentiments were much too exalted to admit so selfish a view. Low minds alone will assent to the idea, hoping thereby to *rob* his charities of their *merit*, and his name of that veneration

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with which it has hitherto been mentioned.

No man perhaps ever returned to his country more idolized than did Mr. Howard. Persons of all descriptions have obtruded themselves into his presence to catch one glance of his features; and indeed so very troublesome and alarming to him did these frequent visits become, that he at last suspected his life to be endangered by the promiscuous admission of strangers. Some particular publications of the Bastile, &c. which he had procured under the disguise of an old fruit woman, and at the immediate hazard of his life, and which he had printed, gave rise to his fears. And however ridiculous these apprehensions may seem, it is a fact, that he was obliged to steal from

Paris, nor could he ever after appear openly there.

Once in particular I remember, that a lady, a zealous admirer of this charitable traveller, eager to behold, and converse with so celebrated a man, called several times at his house, before she had the good fortune to meet with him ; and when she did gain admittance, her appearance was so little prepossessing, that the mind of Mr. Howard could not divest itself of a certain dread of assassination.— Her amazing height, and *tout en semble* was so extremely masculine, that the idea of a man disguised in woman's clothes instantly occurred, and he hastily rung his bell, and by a look commanded his servant to wait.— His fears were, however, groundless, for the good woman, after having sufficiently

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ficiently wearied his patience with an enthusiastic and bombast display of the vast veneration in which she held his labours in the cause of humanity, very quietly took her leave ; declaring “ she could now die in peace.”

About fifteen months ago this wonderful and curious investigator of prisons, lazarettos, &c. once more embarked on his benevolent enquiries, resolving to extend his unprecedented charities even to the inhospitable regions of Turkey ; in the laudable hope, that the same methods which he had discovered to check the influence of the jail infection, would be efficacious also against the plague.” But death has put a period to the exertions of this extraordinary friend to mankind.

He caught a malignant fever in
administering

administering medicines to many poor wretches in the hospital at Cherfon in the Crimea, who languished under the same malady ; and thus, in exerting the glorious benevolence of his mind, he died on the 20th of January last, after an illness of ten days. And according to his own directions, his remains were interred at a villa near Cherfon. Thus fell the philanthropic Howard, whose soul, to borrow an idea from a beautiful poem*,

“ Girding creation in one warm embrace,
 “ Extends the saviour arm from pole to pole,
 “ And felt a kin to all the human race!

So exquisite was the sensibility and sympathy of this lamented man, that the very brutes experienced in a peculiar degree his protection. One particular instance I shall beg leave to

* Triumph of Benevolence.

mention,

mention, which is, that when his horses were grown old and infirm in his service, they were allowed the range of a rich pasture, and not left to perish on the roads as common hacks. From this, as well as other stories related of his humanity, it may indeed be said, that not only the human race, but “birds, beasts, and insects had reason to bless his gentle powers.”

It was further the custom of this excellent and extraordinary man, to build a cottage every year on his estate, a place called Cordington, in Bedfordshire; and to put a poor family in possession of it, on express condition however, that they attended divine service every Sunday, either at church, at mass, or at meeting. By this circumstance we may see his expanded

panded and benevolent disposition was confined to no sect or nation.

While on this subject, I cannot forbear noticing that for cleanliness, regularity, and sobriety, the inhabitants of the little village of Cordington is perhaps not to be equalled in all England.

To expatiate on the various services the noble-minded Howard has rendered mankind, would lead me beyond the limits I have prescribed myself, and shall only observe in the words of an elegant writer “ that it is an honour to the isle of Britain, that such a speck in the universe should have produced *such a man.*” And that through him has the fame of British virtue extended over the whole globe, and the dreariest abodes of misery and disease have echoed with his praises.

Particular

Particular cities and communities through which he passed, failed not to pay him that respect which his exalted virtue claimed. At Dublin he was created by the university a doctor of laws, and the city of Glasgow, and the town of Liverpool, by enrolling him among their members, did honour to themselves.

But now that he is gone to meet the reward of his labours! that final and complete reward bestowed upon the righteous! Now is the time for a grateful nation to record his worth without violating the modesty of the man. His actions should be held forth for general imitation, and the rising generation should be taught to reverence his memory. Virtue claims this retribution here. Let us but reflect how few among us, who, though endowed

dowed with the means, would at the advanced period of fixty, wander to distant climes to soothe affliction and diffuse comfort through the mansions of despair. To prosecute his noble, his humane plan, he forsook and abandoned the comforts of his pleasant home, and with the strongest *benevolence of soul*, risked his life for the public good. A martyr to his exalted notions of philanthropy, his mortal frame now moulders in foreign ground, and has been “by strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.” His glorious labours demanded a *grateful tribute*, and the sons of Britain must indeed be insensible if there is not a wide and strenuous emulation to to raise an honorary pile to the memory of such an illustrious example of *human virtue*.

F I N I S.

